"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE FIRST FOOT.

IN some parts of our country much importance is attached on New Year's morning to what is called "the first foot." The people are a little superstitious, and prone to believe that the whole fortune of the year in their family has some mysterious connection with the first foot, or first person, that enters within their door on the first morning of the year. They consider it unlucky to have, by chance, a female to be their first foot. Nor would they consider it as a good omen to have any person tainted with crime, or held in any contempt, as their first foot. They firmly believe there are lucky and unlucky persons in the world, and the most unlucky thing for them at the beginning of the year would be to have one of those unlucky persons for a first foot. Well, but could it not be arranged the day before with some of those supposed lucky people to be the first foot at many homes? This is considered by the judges in those superstitions to be hardly fair to make such appointments. A lucky first foot should come to your home by chance as a piece of good fortune. Nevertheless, such appointments are sometimes made, and the door is kept closed and locked till one of those lucky persons is reported at the door. We have heard men ascribe all their good fortune for a whole year, and others all their ill fortune, to their first foot. The inhabitants of whole districts of our enlightened country are at the present time living, suffering or enjoying this delusion, that it is in their stars (and their stars are those who first enter their doors on a New Year's morning), and not in themselves, belongs the successes or failures of the year. After all we have said against the first-foot superstition, there is something to be said for a good beginning of the year. It is well to begin the year well. Beneath every superstition there may be hidden some vein of truth, but often the overlying error hides the underlying truth. Now what is the truth that underlies this first-foot conceit? Nothing more than this—"in everything we should begin the year well." Our first visitor, the first footsteps that cross the portals of our homes, should be those of wisdom, not of folly. The person who comes to breathe in our ears from the outer world the benediction of the morning, the common wish of mankind, the prayer of universal humanity, "A Happy New Year!" should be a person worthy of such an office, and no vain person. In the north of England, a gift awaits this salute in almost every home; and Avarice sometimes goes from door to door seeking admission to pronounce this New Year's wish for the sake of the gift. Little good fortune is supposed to attend this hireling's prayer. The folly attendant on the first-foot superstition is in attaching so much importance to the character of the person who on that morning first steps within the door. The wisdom, so we think, that underlies this conceit, is the advantage of a good beginning of the year. Let the first thoughts of the year 1865 be those of deep gratitude to Almighty God, whatever may have been the troubles of the past. We have all much to be thankful for in the nature He has given us and the destiny He has promised us. Let our first prayer be for wisdom to guide us in all our affairs. Health, fortune and every form of worldly prosperity, without pious trust and a pure heart, are nothing. Nor can we commence the year better in our relationship with all our friends and neighbours, than by the good old form and symbol of the benevolence embodied in every heart on New Year's morning, expressed by the firm and warm grasp of the hand, and a "HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

THE TRUE HEROINE.

It was morning — bright, beautiful morning; the sun had returned with renewed splendour, and was illumining the earth once more with his dazzling beams. The birds had carolled their morning hymn of praise, and were already far away in the dew-scented air. Grass and flower, and every green thing of the vegetable creation, were scattering the bright drops from their sparkling leaves, in honour of the god of day; not an unworthy offering —the labourer was returning to his daily occupation, with heart and limbs refreshed by sleep, and new strung for toil — and even the lazy cattle seemed to enjoy the serene beauty of the morning, as "*with fainting steps and slow*" they trod their accustomed way to the green pastures, where they were about to luxuriate for the next few hours.

Everything, in short, man, bird, beast and flower, seemed to exult with increased happiness in the light of the new-born sunbeam.

Before a window which overlooked a scene of uncommon beauty, sat a young girl of extremely pale and delicate countenance.

She was supported by cushions of quaint embroidery in a chair of old and massive workmanship, and as occasionally she moved her fingers across her forehead, you saw that the hand was exceedingly wan, and that an expression of acute pain passed over her features.

Notwithstanding this, however, she was very lovely; there was such an elevated, almost heavenly, expression in her serious eyes, as she sat looking with delight on the beautiful landscape.

She seemed not to be more than fourteen years of age, and you wondered, as you gazed upon her, to see how an expression so far above her years had lighted up a countenance on which pain seemed so firmly to have set his seal.

But this girl had early experienced the soul's discipline. She had long known what it was to suffer, to be thrown upon her inward self for happiness, and it was her child-like submission, her complete reliance upon the wisdom and benevolence of her heavenly Parent, that enabled her to bear with so much fortitude, and even cheerfulness, the severe lot which had been destined for her.

For years she had been subject to the most distressing pain, and when it occasionally left her, it was in such a state of weakness that she had no heart to enter into any of those various and pleasing occupations which girls of her age usually find so delightful.

She was denied the pleasure of a walk in the woods to gather violets and anemones, which is to the young so great a gratification, or to feel the soft *touch* of her foot upon the velvet turf that lay so green and smooth beneath her window; for a disease which had settled in one of her limbs was the cause of her malady, and only occasionally could she be carried into the open air by means of some easy conveyance.

Gifted with an exquisite sense of the beautiful, it was a sore trial to be confined for months to one room; but she would gaze for hours from her window, round which climbed many a fragrant vine, looking with intense admiration upon the scene it presented.

Day by day she drank in deeper and more divine draughts from the ever-gushing fountain of nature, and her soul seemed filled with its exquisite melody. It had had its influence upon her character; it had purified her heart and elevated her affections, and drawn her into a closer communion with the Author of her being. She was no longer a weak and silent sufferer alone, chained to the earth and its cares and its sorrows; but she felt that she was created for higher and holier things; that her being was to be carried on in another life; that her faculties were but beginning to unfold themselves here; that there was something within which must outlast all time, that was far greater than all the circumstances that surrounded her; she was not a mere worm, weak and bruised, the victim of disease and suffering; but she was an embodied thought, of endless aims and infinite affections, with an eternal mission; and her soul bounded like a free bird of the air in its blessed sense of immortality.

On the morning to which we have before alluded, she had not remained long at the window before she was joined by a person from the inner apartment, from

whose similarity in the characteristics of her features you saw at once she must be her mother.

"You are very quiet this morning, Mary. I suppose you remember this is the day."

"Yes, mother, I remember it well, and I have been endeavouring to strengthen myself by spiritual communion. Dear mother, I feel this is a very severe trial, and I do wish it might be avoided, for I have an inward conviction that it will be utterly useless. You deceive yourself, mother, you and the doctor both, when you think I have strength enough to survive this operation. I know I have fortitude sufficient to carry me through it; but the very effort I make will prostrate me, and my life will be the shorter for it."

"My dear child," replied her mother, "if you have strength to sustain you through the critical period, I have not the least doubt of its success; the faintness and languor that you will feel afterward will be only temporary: when that has passed you will revive, and gain in health daily."

Mary said no more; she saw that her mother's heart was bent upon her submitting to have her limb amputated, and that if she did not consent, she would think she was neglecting one great means which God held out for her restoration.

Presently she rejoined: "Dear mother, I wish you would not remain in the room with me at the time; I know I can bear it very well, and it seems unnecessary that you should be called upon to endure so much useless anguish."

"My dear child," replied Mrs. Berney, "not for worlds would I be absent from you at such a moment; I too have fortitude, and painful as it will be to me to sit by and see you go through a trial so severe, yet I feel that I can bear it when I think of the end which is to be accomplished. Ah! Mary, you know not what I have already endured in seeing you from day to day suffer so much exquisite pain, and when I saw how patiently you bore it, how calm and gentle, never uttering a word of complaint, even when in the most acute agony; and I have been compelled to stand by, unable to do a thing for your relief. Ah! Mary, you can never know what it is to suffer such anguish, and I have longed at times to fold you to my heart, and tell you how deeply I felt for you, but withheld for fear of adding a new pang to your sensitive nerves."

Tears rolled thick and fast down the pale cheek of the anxious mother, as she uttered these words, the outpouring of her aching heart, but she felt that it might be the last opportunity she would have of speaking to her daughter, and she could not bear the thought of her leaving her without one last expression of sympathy and affection.

Presently a low tap was heard at the door, and Mrs. Berney rose, and, admitting the visitor, left the room.

"Ah, doctor, you are early this morning; I thought you were not to be here till twelve."

"I have only called now to inquire how you feel yourself, Mary, and whether you still keep up your courage."

"Oh! yes, doctor, I am braver than ever to-day; there is no knowing how much strength we possess, until it is put to the test. I would not have believed a year ago that I could possibly have borne all the suffering I have since gone through with. God always proportions our strength to our trials."

"And yet, Mary, I have seen people older than you, stout-hearted men even, who would quail at the prospect before you; but you always had a great deal more courage than other people. I know it, for I had reason to try it often when you were a little child."

"I believe I inherit all my natural heroism from my mother; she has more than most people, and indeed it has been sorely tried lately. She has just been telling me how much she has endured in seeing me suffer; and yet she has always appeared so calm and collected that I have frequently consoled myself with the belief that she did not realize the extremity of my pain; but I do wish, doctor, that she could be dissuaded from remaining in the room with me at the time of the operation; there are kind friends who would willingly be with me if I wished it; and I cannot bear that she should be a witness of a scene so trying."

"Your mother, my dear girl, would feel that she did not perform her duty

were she to absent herself at a time so critical. I know her well, and I am sure she would rest far easier to see and know the worst, than to avoid it by breaking away when it was a bare possibility her services might be required. But, Mary, I must leave you now, and return again punctually at the hour of twelve."

Precisely at the appointed hour the kind-hearted physician arrived, with other gentlemen of the medical faculty.

Meantime, some friends of Mrs. Berney's had been directing the servants in making all the needful preparations. Mary had a snow-white wrapper thrown over her, and her rich braids of hair bound smoothly over her forehead, and her face, though more than usually pale, wore an expression of such meek and holy resignation, that you little thought she was about to go through something which required a more than ordinary degree of courage.

She was now removed to an inner room, and laid upon a table which had been placed in the centre. They were about to confine her hands, when she exclaimed against the precaution, promising that she would remain perfectly quiet, and not offer the least obstacle to the movements of the medical men. Doctor W. knew he could trust her; he had not the slightest fear of her making any resistance; and as he told the other physicians so, they consented, though reluctantly, to allow her hands to remain free.

Just before the operation was to be commenced, she called her mother close to her, and as she bent her head towards her, she imprinted a long, lingering kiss upon her tearless ckeek. No words passed between them; each knew what the other felt; and as the physicians now approached the table, she clasped her hand firmly within hers, and motioned to her to keep close by her side.

What followed we will not attempt to relate. It is sufficient to say that she preserved her courage through the whole; not an audible groan escaped her; she made no struggle; tears, fast trickling tears, those mute but eloquent witnesses of sorrow, alone bore testimony to her suffering.

It was more than an hour after this that she was removed to her couch and an anodyne administered, that she might be enabled to take some rest. Her slumber, however, if slumber it could be called, was restless and uneasy—her mother sat by her, watching with straining eyes every pulsation of her frame. Towards morning she grew more calm, and Mrs. Berney, now completely overpowered with weariness and anxiety, had fallen into a momentary sleep. She was awakened by Mary's calling out to her, "Mother, I am dying." "Oh no! my child, it cannot be; you feel very weak, which is all natural; try to compose yourself, and get a little more rest." "No, mother, I am dying; I know it—I feel it—but before I go, let me thank you for all your care and kindness—never could parent have been so tender to a child as you have been; and I have ever felt this—and often and often I have thanked my Heavenly Father for granting me such a blessing. Dear, dearest mother, no words can express my gratitude for all your unwearied affection."

Suddenly a change came over the face of the young invalid, and Mrs. Berney called to an attendant, who waited in the ante-room, to send immediately for Dr. W.; but it was too late: before he could possibly arrive, that gentle spirit, prepared by long and weary discipline, had already winged its flight.

Mrs. Berney was still bending in speechless agony over the couch, when the physician entered, and his amazement was extreme when he found that his beloved patient was no longer living; he had not anticipated such a tragic sequel to the events of the morning; for she had borne up so heroically through her sickness, that he had given her credit for much more physical strength than she really possessed, and he had had little doubt in his own mind that if she could only go through with the operation, she would eventually recover; but ah! he little knew what strength a great moral effort, a stern, unbending will, and an unwavering faith, will impart even to one so young as that heroic girl; and now that there was no longer any immediate call for fortitude, her strength gave way at once, and the braced nerves, stretched beyond their capacity of endurance, were snapped asunder in the reaction.

* * * * *

It was a mild, tranquil evening, three

days from the date on which our story commenced, that a funeral train wound its way through a retired part of a lonely village. It was composed mostly of girls, who were dressed in white, and each carried in her hand an exquisite bunch of flowers. They walked with quiet, graceful steps before the hearse which contained the remains of Mary Berney. The number was also large of grown people who followed the mournful bier. There was a strange contrast between the two parts of this procession. The first, with their snowy garments, seemed to point like the finger of faith to that fair land where the spirit was now at rest —the last, with their solemn robes, emblematic of grief, seemed to speak only of the woe and despair which remained to those on earth, among whom such a sad vacancy had been so recently created.

When the procession arrived at the entrance of the grave-yard, the young girls separated into two distinct lines, and as the bier was borne up between them to its place of interment, they threw their flowers upon the coffin—meet emblem of the love and worth of her who slumbered beneath its lid!

Before it was lowered into the earth, the clergyman uttered a few solemn and affecting words, which the stillness of the hour rendered yet more impressive, while every eye moistened with tears, and it was with faltering voices that, as the first handful of earth was thrown upon the coffin, the young girls broke out with the following verses, in strains of the most touching melody:

Sweet sister, we must leave thee now,
Beneath the silent ground;
We will not selfish mourn that thou
A better home hast found.

The tears that still unbidden start,
The tender message tell,
How sad it is thus soon to part
With one we loved so well.

But we may hope that yet once more
Thy gentle face we'll see;
Thy spirit hath but gone before,
Rejoicing to be free.

The shades of evening had gathered heavily over the sky before the last notes died away upon the air, and with slow and mournful steps the funeral train retraced its way homeward—but it was with chastened hearts, and feelings subdued and purified by the sacred scene they had just now witnessed at that solemn hour; and not one of those youthful mourners sought her couch that night without first thanking her Heavenly Parent that she had now learnt a lesson of endurance, and patient trust, and fortitude, that time could not easily obliterate.—*Christian Register.*

A SERMON FOR THE FRETTERS.

"Fret not thyself in any way to do evil."—Ps. xxxvii. 2.

1. *It is a sin against God.* It is evil and only evil, and that continually. David understood both human nature and the law of God. He says, "Fret not thyself to do evil;" that is, never fret or scold, for it is always a sin. If you cannot speak without fretting and scolding, keep silence.

2. *It destroys affection.* No one ever did, ever can, or ever will love an habitual fretter, fault-finder or scolder. Husbands, wives, children, relatives or domestics, have no affection for peevish, fretful fault-finders. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them—may bear with them; but they cannot love them more than the sting of nettles or the noise of mosquitoes. Many a man has been driven to the tavern and to dissipation by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband.

3. *It is the bane of domestic happiness.* A fretful, peevish fault-finder in a family is like the continued chafing of an inflamed sore. Woe to the man, woman or child, who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another! Nine-tenths of all domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source. Mrs. D. is of this temperament. She wonders her husband is not more fond of her company; that her children give her so much trouble; that domestics do not like to work for her; that she cannot secure the good-will of young people. The truth is, she is peevish and fretful. Children fear her, but do not love her. She never yet gained the affection of young people, and never will, till she leaves off fretting.

4. *It defeats the end of family government.* Good family government is the blending of authority with affection, so as to secure respect and love. Indeed, this is the great secret of managing young people. Now your fretters may inspire fear, but they always make two faults where they correct one. Scolding at a child, fretting at a child, sneering at a child, taunting a child, treating a child as though it had no feelings, inspires dread and dislike, and fosters those very dispositions from which many of the faults of childhood proceed. Mr. F. and Mrs. F. are of this class. Their children are made to mind; but how? Mrs. F. frets and scolds her children. She is severe enough upon their faults. She seems to watch them to find fault. She seldom gives a command without a threat, and a long-running, fault-finding commentary. When she chides, it is not done in a dignified manner. She raises her voice, puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes them, pinches their ears, snaps their heads, &c. The children cry, pout, sulk, and poor Mrs. F. has to do her work over pretty often. Then she will find fault with her husband, because he will not fall in with her ways, or chime with her as chorus.

5. *Fretting and scolding makes hypocrites.* As a fretter never receives confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell him any thing disagreeable, and thus procure for himself a fretting. Now children conceal as much as they can from such persons. They cannot make up their minds to be frank and open-hearted. So husbands conceal from their wives, and wives from their husbands. For a man may brave a lion, but he likes not to come in contact with nettles and musquitoes.

6. *It destroys one's peace of mind.* The more one frets, the more he may. A fretter will always have enough to fret at, especially if he or she has the bump of order and neatness largely developed. Something will always be out of place. There will always be some dirt somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, sit right, talk right; they will not do these things so as to please them. And fretters are generally so selfish as to have no regard for any one's comfort but their own.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

A SIMPLE question put by the Saviour to the Pharisees, "What think ye of Christ,—whose Son is he?" and their answer, "The Son of David," and the refutation of this answer by Jesus out of the mouth of David, "How then could David in spirit call him Lord?" is sufficient evidence to shew us the mind of Christ in reference to the nature of his kingdom. By the "Son of David," the Jews did mean a Jewish and temporal king, but the reply of Jesus shews us the spirit of prophecy, and his own heart was that of a son of heavenly wisdom to inspire the life of the spirit of holiness —an eternal life.

We cannot for one moment deny there was then an intense yearning in the hearts of the Jews for national and political deliverance, "the restoration of the kingdom of Israel." And to the history of that period those earthly ideas fell on the times like the dark shadow of a great mountain on the waters of a glassy lake or living stream that would have glistened with a pellucid brightness and crystal purity, but for that earthy opaqueness that shaded its beauty. The disciples of Jesus were less or more affected by the errors of their times, as we shall shew in a few quotations from the Gospels and their conversations with Christ. It is true that Herod, before the birth of Christ, feared the coming of some great king among the Jews; but Pilate, who conversed with Christ, had no fear of any such assumption of power from the Messiah. The people of Israel had before them the prophecies. "He shall be great and the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David." "We shall be saved from our enemies." These they understood in a low and political sense. The mother of James and John besought Christ for earthly distinctions for her children. How little did he say to encourage any such hopes; yet what wide-world distinction in a higher view have those disciples obtained! He told them that temporal power and glory was a Gentile glory, they had not to be ambitious of any such dignity. When he spoke of suffering and death, the spirit of Peter was moved to rebuke him. He told Peter

his mind savoured of the things of earth, not of heaven. The disciples differed among themselves about who should be chief. He set up the humility of a little child as an excellency that would obtain distinction in his kingdom. After his resurrection they still for a time talked of the restoration of Israel, and he said, "O foolish men!" He more deeply sympathized with their morally lost condition, and mourned their spiritual benightedness than their yoke of bondage to the Roman state.

Christ felt how far short of their expectation, in a worldly point of view, was his mission. He sought no alliances with the great and powerful sects of his day. He spoke of suffering and of death for himself and for his disciples, the cross of shame and this world's reproach. In no single case do we find him courting the patronage of earthly power. He wounded the pride of national feeling. He disregarded their ceremonial observances. He reproved their vanity and sins. He knew that many of his people would be offended at him, yet he felt how much higher his mission was than their expectations, and said, "Blessed is he who is not offended in me."

Throughout the New Testament we constantly discover that the entire scope of Christ's teaching and purport of his mission is that of a moral and spiritual deliverer. The people were as sheep having no shepherd. His compassion was excited with their false hopes of deliverance. His parables are pregnant with the same thought. The seed of the kingdom he found was choked by their temporal aims. The gain of the whole world he emphatically declared was loss compared with the life and moral worth of the soul. The kingdom of God, he reiterated, was the sunshine of moral purity in the heart. He felt in his office of the Divine will among his people that they knew him not, they understood him not. He declared, "No man knoweth the Father but the Son." What a state of isolation from his people! He spake of his nation needing a "new birth." They were born of the flesh, and needed to be born again of the spirit—of the meekness and worth that appreciates the transcendent merit of moral and spiritual goodness above the things of time. Those who wished to enter into life were told to "keep the commandments." The salvation of Christianity is salvation from sin; the friends of Christ, those who do the will of his Father. His addresses to the people enforced the duty of moral obedience as the way to permanent happiness. The apostles followed on in the same line of thought. "The kingdom of heaven was not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace in the Holy Spirit." "The end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and faith unfeigned." "In Christ Jesus nothing avails but faith that works by love." "God hath raised up his Son to bless us by turning us from our iniquities." Christ and the first apostles saw the disease that afflicted their people; it was not the want of ceremonial obedience, but the want of a new heart, a higher form of thought, a trust in moral righteousness and personal purity. To inspire this, Christ lived, suffered, died and rose again. The result of that grand life is now beginning to be felt among the nations of the earth, and finally the Jewish people will turn to him they despised, and live on the truths spoken by one whom their nation put to death.

We never despair of the final triumph and universality of Christ's kingdom. Christ spake of the all-embracing nature of his kingdom, and is called the Saviour of the world. The gates of his kingdom are open to the four corners of heaven. It was declared to be light and salvation to Jew and Gentile, and to the ends of the earth. "To you and to your children, and all that are afar off." "Shall be preached among all nations." "In his name shall the Gentiles trust." "He died for all, which shall be testified in due time." "All flesh shall see the salvation of God." "All Israel shall be saved." "The whole creation shall be delivered." "The kingdom of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ."

Two of the most prominent facts of the Christian religion are its spirituality and consequent universal success. We wonder that any one can doubt either of those positions. The prophets who foretold the Messiah's reign took in both those facts. John the Baptist heralded the coming of Christ by preaching repentance, or

reformation, and the turning of the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. The ceremonial would be succeeded by the spiritual, the baptism of water by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Adverse as were the times to such views, Christ followed in the same tone of speech and life; and then at last his own disciples, saved from their less moral view of the Messiah, preached everywhere repentance for the remission of sins, and that the kingdom of Christ was come. It is lamentable whenever less worthy views of Christ are entertained, either as regards the nature of his kingdom or the final success of his power. In every low and selfish view, we are the opponents of Christ's reign on earth; in every pure and generous thought and deed, we are then the apostles of the Christ of God, hastening the time of universal peace and goodwill among men.

THE SNOW-STORM.

"Lightly fall the snow-flakes down,
On the glassy stream so bright
And the hard, gray frozen ground;
What a tiny little rustling,
And a gentle little bustling,
As they fall on leaflets brown!"

In the silence of the night
They descend on earthly things,
Soft and pure as angels' wings,
With a faint and fairy fluttering,
And a mild and muffled muttering,
As they robe the ground in white.

Swiftly fades the scene so dear!
And a deep and gloomy shade
Settles down on glen and glade;
While an eddying wind and creeping,
Frisking, twisting, swelling, sweeping,
Tells us that a storm is near.

Thickly fall the snow-flakes round,
On the mountain-top so cold
And the Forest King so old;
What a moaning, groaning, rumbling,
And a driving, riving, thundering
As they sweep along the ground!

Hoarsely howls the angry storm,
But across the good man's soul
Fears and troubles never roll;
For his God who dwells in heaven
Peace and rest to him hath given
As he travels to his home.

London. J. T.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY.

By J. D. Read.

1. In the Old Testament the doctrine of a Trinity is not taught; but, on the contrary, God declares his unity by emphatically using the singular pronoun. In giving the Ten Commandments, when above all other occasions He makes known Himself and His will, He says,

"I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt have no other gods before me."

The prophets distinctly bear witness of God's unity.

"Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord." (Deut. vi. 4.)

"That they may know that thou, whose name alone is Jehovah, art the Most High over all the earth." (Psalm lxxxiii. 18.)

"I, even I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no Saviour." (Isaiah xliii. 10, 11.)

"I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." (Isaiah xliii. 25.)

2. In the Old-Testament promises of the Messiah, it is not promised that he shall be divine in person, but, on the contrary,

"The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me [Moses]; unto him ye shall hearken." (Deut. xviii. 15.)

This text is quoted as relating to Christ in Acts iii. 22 and vii. 37:

"A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." (Isaiah liii. 3.)

The Messiah is promised to be

"the seed of the woman" (Gen. iii. 15, quoted Acts iii. 25);

"the seed of Abraham" (Gen. xxii. 18, quoted Gal. iii. 17, 29);

"the seed of David" (Jer. xxiii. 5, quoted 2 Tim. ii. 8).

3. In the Old Testament the Holy Ghost is not named; the expression in Psalm li., "Take not thy holy spirit from me," and the like in other places, cannot refer to a person, but only signifies influence. This is recognized by the translators of the Bible, as the words are without capitals.

4. Christ did not teach the doctrine of a Trinity, but, on the contrary, taught his disciples to pray to

"Our Father which art in heaven." (Matt. vi. 9.)

And he said,

"Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." (John iv. 22—24.)

Thus Christ declares God to be a Spirit, not three persons. Again, he says,

"The Lord our God is one Lord." (Mark xii. 29.)

"Jesus answered them and said, "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of his doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." (John vii. 16, 17.)

"I can of mine own self do nothing; as I hear I judge; and my judgment is just, because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me." (John v. 30.)

From the above quotations it is evident that Christ came not to teach a new religion, still less one of a Triune God. This is confirmed by his sayings:

"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." (John xvii. 3.)

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." (Matt. v. 17, 18.)

"I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." (Matt. ix. 13.)

5. Christ did not claim divinity for himself, but, on the contrary, said,

"Why callest thou me good? There is none good save one, that is God." (Luke xviii. 19.)

"I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." (John xxii. 17.)

"And then they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds with great power and glory. But of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven; neither the Son, but the Father." (Mark xiii. 26, 32).

He frequently prayed to God, which would have been unnecessary (and even ridiculous) had he been God.

"Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." (Luke xxii. 42.)

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matt. xxvii. 46.)

And numerous other instances.

His reply, "I and my Father are one," is evidently only the ordinary expression, implying one in object, of the same mind or purpose (see John xvii. 21), and not a divine relationship with God; still less can it relate to a Trinity; as, to have taught the existence of a Trinity, his reply would have been, "The Father, I and the Holy Ghost, are one God." His meaning is rendered plain by reference to his own words in John v. 19, 20, vii. 16, 17.

Christ said, quoting Deut. vi. 13,

"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." (Matt. iv. 10; Luke iv. 8.)

Thus, from Christ's own declaration, it is evident that to ascribe divinity to him, and make him an object of worship, is dishonouring God.

6. Christ never invoked or prayed to the Holy Ghost, but always prayed to God, calling him Father; the like he had instructed his disciples to do.

Much controversy has arisen from Christ having said,

"All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men; and whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come." (Matt. xii. 31, 32.)

But he evidently uses the expression Holy Ghost to mean God, in perfect harmony with his declarations, "God is a Spirit" (John iv. 24), and, "I am not come to destroy the law" (Matt. v. 17); also with the law itself:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." (Exodus xx. 7.)

This is clearly indicated and exemplified in the fate of Ananias, to whom Peter said,

"Why has Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." (Acts v. 3, 4.)

To accept the expression "Holy Ghost" as indicating a person in the Godhead,

involves a contradiction of the law and of Christ's words, leaving the sin only unpardonable when directed solely against the third person in the Godhead.

7. The apostles did not teach the Trinitarian doctrine; for in the salutations both at the beginning and ending of every one of the Epistles (excepting only at the end of 2nd Corinthians), no mention is made of the Holy Ghost, which they could not have omitted, had they believed the Holy Ghost to be a person "who with the Father and the Son is equally worshiped and glorified;" but their salutation is generally,

"Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. i. 3.)

"To God only wise, be glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever. Amen." (Romans xvi. 27.)

Not even ascribing divinity, or unity with God, to Christ.

In some of the Epistles (Philemon, James, 2nd John, 3rd John) no mention whatever is made of Holy Ghost or Spirit; in several, the word Spirit occurs only once or twice, which is printed in the English Bible with a capital, as a proper name, but in the Greek is without such, as a common noun (Colossians i. 8; 2 Thess. ii. 14; 1 Tim. iii. 16); which omission would have been impossible, had it been the object of the writers to teach the doctrine of a Triune God; as much so as if several authors were to write the geography of the United Kingdom without even naming Ireland.

But, on the contrary, the apostles distinctly declare the unity of God:

"Though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth (as there be gods many and lords many), yet to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things." (1 Cor. viii. 5, 6.)

"For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." (1 Tim. ii. 5.)

"The head of Christ is God." (1 Cor. xi. 3.)

"Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe and tremble." (James ii. 19.)

"Therewith [the tongue] bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God." (James iii. 9.)

8. The apostles did not look for divinity in the person of Christ.

"Philip findeth Nathaniel, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses in the law and in the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." (John i. 45.)

Nor did they teach such, but distinctly declared him to be a man.

"Ye men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you, by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know." (Acts ii. 22.)

"Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest." (Hebrews ii. 17.)

"For this man was counted worthy of more glory than Moses." (Heb. iii. 3.)

"Because he hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead." (Acts xvii. 31.)

St. Paul's testimony of his conversion:

"And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecuteth." (Acts xxii. 8.)

Surely, being ascended to the Father, Jesus would have named a divine relationship had there been such.

Had St. Paul believed that Christ was God, he, who was the chief and boldest preacher of the teachings of Jesus, would have plainly declared it; he would have especially marked the immense change in his own opinions, from considering Christ to be a blasphemer, to be the living God; but, on the contrary, we find he preached:

"Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you forgiveness." (Acts xiii. 38.) See also Acts xvii. 22, 31, xxiv. 14.

The term "God the Son," used by Trinitarians, is nowhere found in the Bible.

(To be continued.)

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By GOODWYN BARMBY.

London: WHITFIELD, GREEN & SON.

ABRAHAM AND THE IDOLATOR.

A RABBINICAL TALE.

NEAR where last his tent he'd planted
lone upon the dewy sod,
Stood the patriarch at even, Abraham
the friend of God.

He absorbed in holy musing gazed upon
the amber sky,
Where the Everlasting Arms seemed
folding round him visibly.

Golden trails of light were sweeping upwards from the golden west,
And beneath the vast Euphrates caught
them broken on his breast.

Abraham, with arms extended, watched
the slow decline of day,
Watched the varied hues of sunset melting all to twilight grey.

Then, his eyes at length returning
dreamily to earth again,
Lighted on a man approaching o'er the
slowly darkening plain.

Near and nearer drew the stranger with
a weak and weary tread,
For the snows of many winters rested
white upon his head.

Abraham advancing met him, and beseeching him to rest,
Courteously across his threshold led him
as a welcome guest;

Brought him milk and brought him honey,
all the dwelling might afford,
And the old man eating blessed him, but
he blessed not the Lord.

"Dost thou render," cried the Father of
the Faithful in amaze,
"To the Lord, the only Giver, no return
of grateful praise?"

"Nay, my son, thy God I know not, and
the god whom I adore,
I have left behind me, guarding strict
the threshold of my door.

"He than thine is surely greater, for
with gems bedecked he stands,
And I bring him incense daily, seeking
favour at his hands."

"How!" cried Abraham, indignant,
"dost thou dare the Lord disown?
Go, depart, and seek for shelter from the
gods of wood and stone!"

So, without remorse or pity for the old
man's mute distress,
Forth he drove him, lone to wander the
surrounding wilderness,

Though the rising storm-wind muttered
sullen menace to the night,
And the lightning, slowly nearing, flashed
in radiance wild and bright.

But the patriarch at midnight started
awe-struck from his sleep;
On his forehead lay the dew-drops, and
his very flesh did creep;

For a still small voice had called him,
and he felt a Presence near—
"Speak," with faltering tongue he murmured, "speak; thy servant, Lord,
doth hear."

"Abraham," the Voice demanded,
"wherefore doth mine eye behold
Near thy tent an old man weeping, faint
with hunger and with cold?"

"Lord," the patriarch responded, "he
to seek my shelter came,
But with blows I drove him from me,
for he honoured not Thy name."

Gentle then as softest whisper fell this
answer from on high:
"Ninety years have I thy brother borne
with, man, all patiently;

"Yea, have shed upon him freely sunshine and benignant shower;
Was it well thou shouldst not bear him
for at least a passing hour?"

When at length from adoration Abraham
upraised his head,
Lo! the rising moon around him rays of
mellow glory shed;

And by her pure light assisted, he with
willing footsteps went
Eagerly to seek the stranger and recall
him to his tent.

For he'd learnt that God from heaven
was in pity gazing down
On the erring, and he met them never
more with taunt or frown;

Seeking not with goads to urge them
to the heights above,
But to draw them thither gently by th'
eternal bands of Love.

London. B. A. J.

THE ENGLISH LARK.

SOME years ago, when the Australian gold fever was hot in the veins of thousands, and fleets of ships were conveying them to that far-off, uncultivated world, a poor old woman landed with the great multitude of rough and reckless men who

were fired to almost frenzy by dreams of ponderous nuggets and golden fortunes. For these they left behind them all the enjoyments, endearments, all the softening sanctities and surroundings of home and social life in England. For these they left mothers, wives, sisters and daughters. There they were, thinly tented in the rain, and the dew, and the mist, a busy, boisterous, womanless camp of diggers and grubbers, roughing-and-tumbling it in the scramble for gold mites, with no quiet sabbath breaks, nor sabbath songs, nor sabbath bells, to measure off and sweeten a season of rest. Well, the poor widow, who had her cabin within a few miles of "the diggings," brought with her but few comforts from the old home-land—a few simple articles of furniture, the Bible and Psalm-book of her youth, and an English lark to sing to her solitude the songs that had cheered her on the other side of the globe. And the little thing did it with all the fervour of its first notes in the English sky. In her cottage window it sang to her hour by hour at her labour, with a voice never heard before on that wild continent. The strange birds of the land came circling around in their gorgeous plumage to hear it. Even four-footed animals, of grim countenance, paused to hear it. Then, one by one, came other listeners. Hard-visaged men, bare-breasted and unshaven, came and stood gently as girls; and tears came out upon many a tanned and sun-blistered cheek as the little bird warbled forth the silvery treble of its song about the green hedges, the meadow streams, the cottage homes, and all the sunny memories of the fatherland. And they came near unto the lone widow with pebbles of gold in their hard and horny hands, and asked her to sell them the bird, that it might sing to them while they were bending to the pick and the spade. She was poor, and the gold was heavy; yet she could not sell the warbling joy of her life. But she told them that they might come whenever they would to hear it sing. So, on sabbath days, having no other preacher nor teacher, nor sanctuary privileges, they came down in large companies from their gold-pits, and listened to the devotional hymns of the lark, and became better and happier men for its music.

FAITH AND CREDULITY.

Dr. Livingstone remarks that in Africa, where he found the least traces of belief in God or anything approaching to religious faith, he found the people steeped in the most silly superstitions, afraid to stir abroad from a credulity in ghosts and spiritual agencies. We fear this is as equally true of England as of Africa. The people who are least disposed to exercise a religious faith in God and Christ, in prayer and the duties of a religious life, are the first to follow any new imposture that may turn up. The people who care least to run after the spirit-rappers, table-turners and the rope-trick performers, are those who believe in spiritual realities, who have an abiding and firm faith in the divinity of the Christian religion, and the duty of communion with God, the Father of spirits.

We have at present going on in London a performance every night by the Davenport Brothers. They profess that some spiritual power unfastens the cords with which they are bound. Strange sounds are heard in the room and manifestations of spiritual agency, and the people who ran after Blondin to see him walk in mid air upon a rope in open daylight, are now running after the new excitement to see, in the dark, and to be persuaded that there are spirits surrounding these men. It is very sad to think of spirits having no better employment than moving tables about for no purpose, rapping and tapping in rooms, whirling musical instruments about in the air, and untying ropes. We hear of no poor labouring man being helped in his daily toil by those spirits. We have never heard of the slave being freed from his fetters, or the prisoner under a false charge relieved, by those spirits. Startling news have been brought by ships, steamers and telegrams from abroad of tempests and of battles; the spirits have been quite inactive in scenes where they might have gained greater credit, and their friends the mediums much more profit. To us it is surprising that the dupes of those impostures cannot see the utterly foolish and unpractical character of those performances. To tell us there are spirits around us and above us, adds nothing to the information we have. To

tell us they are rapping on tables and untying ropes and whirling things over head, inclines us to believe we had better be without the spirits than have those foolish pranks. We think the evidence presented in dark rooms and by interested performers, who are always making a show of those things, is not sufficient; and then the trifling and ridiculous character of the performances warrants their repudiation to spiritual agency, and places them very justly to the credit of conjurors and cheats. America is the supposed hot-bed of this spiritism; yet President Lincoln and his cabinet have always to wait the usual messengers of state, tardy as they are, for information from his army and all parts of the world. Why do they not, the spirits, give some practical and useful proof at once to us in England, or their numerous friends in America? They have never afforded any such reliable proof of their existence or their usefulness. We are disposed to set down the whole to imposture and self-deception. Some men are going about, gross deceivers of the people. Others are innocent and credulous people who allow themselves to be deceived. This is not the first time such pretensions have been set up, the consulting of spirits, with great and wide-spread success. All the fortune-telling of the past, through the tea-cups and packs of cards, were of the same stamp. The superstitions of witchcraft and the black-art that we were disposed to laugh at or pity, have been under new names transferred to the present age. The names do not alter the things. Ignorance, credulity and the lack of true religion, gave them a footing in days gone by; the strong arm of the law was used to extirpate them in the past. Less than two hundred years ago, the pretensions of the spiritists would have subjected them to public death; the same also under the laws of Moses. We are not sure that this was their proper treatment. When the people were weak enough to believe that the spiritists could do them harm, personal harm, and those professed mediums were vain and wicked enough to threaten harm, then the law interfered between the injurer and the injured, and the punishment of death was inflicted. The remedy for all such folly and trickery is in education. The impostors would cease their performances if they were not well paid, and the people would not go to such places for excitement if more true religious knowledge possessed their minds and Christian virtue their hearts. We repeat, the want of sound religious faith begets superstitious credulity. The Haymarket Theatre was crowded by the theatre-going *elite* of London one night during the last century, at very high prices, to see a man who promised to go into a pint bottle, and after he came out to open his mouth and jump down his own throat. This was announced to prove the credulity of this class, and was a perfect success. They found to their mortification this was the object of the trick in calling them together. A Christian faith and life are the best preservatives from those superstitions.

FAMILY QUARRELS.

Family quarrels are accounted disgraceful; but much is added to the disgrace of these conflicts when the parties engaged in them report them abroad.

The war of words is the result of differences in opinion or temperament, in understanding or fancy, in purpose or inclination. It should be the work of the whole family, therefore, to harmonize these differences, certainly not to quarrel, and then to whine and blurt to others their own shame. If there be lacking the intelligence and virtue to make harmony, the name of union and love is but a veil.

The religious sect is a family—a large one, composed of many fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters. And in this family there are sometimes differences and disputes, cross purposes and adverse views. Rather than allow these to develop into open and bitter strife, all the members of the family should do their best through the means and methods of truth and grace to produce and preserve harmony. If any of them have neither wisdom nor affection sufficient to help patiently and quietly to make the mind and heart of the great religious household sound and kind, they had better hold their peace than go into the world crying about their wounds and exposing their own weakness.

SIMPLICITY.

THERE is no gift of expression that tells more than simplicity in its right place. A simple style of talking or writing is an engine of power in good hands, enabling them to undertake tasks forbidden to the world at large. It even fits a man for talking or writing about himself, which only persons endowed with the art of being plain, transparent and natural, ought ever to attempt. Simplicity, as we would view it here, is by no means a merely moral or negative quality. It is so in some cases; but it is then only noticed or appreciated for its suggestiveness. Children do not admire each other's simplicity; but we admire it in them, because what is uttered without thought or intention in the child is full of meaning to us. It was more than a simple, it was probably a stupid, little girl that kept reiterating, "We are seven;" but the words suggested deep meanings to the poet. The weeping child apologizing at sight of the unfolding handkerchief, "My tears are clean," meant no more than the literal sense of his words; but to the hearer they brought thoughts of guileless innocence and of other tears that do leave a stain. After childhood no one can retain a simplicity worthy of admiration without some intellectual power. The unconscious simplicity of a child, when childhood is past, is disagreeable and painful, and is never recognized without a shade of pity or contempt. Manly simplicity is intelligent, and knows what it is about. And though, to win our respect, it must of course be real, it may and often is only one side of a many-sided character; that is, the quality may attach to part and not to the whole of a man's nature.

The charm of full-grown simplicity always gains by, and we believe even requires, contrast. We must be a little surprised at a man's being simple before we can value the quality in him. Thus the style and manners of royal personages are generally simple, and there are doubtless plenty of reasons to make this probable and a thing to expect; but persons dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of greatness are delighted with this simplicity, which they confound with humility, because it seems to them a striking contrast with state and splendour. So with the aristocracy of intellect and genius. It appears a fine thing for a great author or thinker to be artless and unaffected; and we like it because, if he chose to be pretentious, we could only say he had more right to be so than his neighbours; but the truth is, these people have not really the temptations to pretence that others, their inferiors, have. The world allows them so distinguished a place, that there is no need for them to struggle and use effort in order to seem something higher and more important than they are. It needs a reliance on self to be perfectly simple in treating of self; and this reliance, as a conscious quality, it is scarcely modest to bring forward unless the world has given its sanction to the self-estimate.—*Saturday Review.*

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

SIT by your window and look over the way to your neighbour's excellent mansion which he has recently built, and paid for, and fitted out. "O that I was a rich man!"

Get angry with your neighbour, and think you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, and take a walk in the burial-ground, continually saying to yourself, "When shall I be buried here?"

Sign a note for a friend, and never forget your kindness, and every hour in the day whisper to yourself, "I wonder if he will ever pay that note!"

Think everybody means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine until you have put the owner to a great deal of trouble. Put confidence in nobody, and believe every man you trade with to be a rogue.

Never accommodate if you can possibly help it. Never visit the sick or afflicted, and never give a farthing to assist the poor.

Buy as cheap as you can, and screw down to the lowest mill. Grind the faces and hearts of the unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortunes, your lack of talents, and believe that at no distant day you will come to want. Let the workhouse be ever in your mind, with all the horrors of distress and poverty.

Follow these recipes strictly, and you

will be miserable to your heart's content —if we may so speak—sick at heart and at variance with the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you—nothing throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of warmth into your heart.—*Visitor.*

BABY LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

Two little busy hands patting on the window,
Two laughing bright eyes looking out for me;
Two rosy-red cheeks dented with a dimple;
Mother-bird is coming; baby, do you see?

Down by the lilac-bush, something white and azure
Saw I in the window as I passed the tree;
Well I knew the apron and shoulder-knots of ribbon,
All belonged to baby, looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly
To myself, as mothers will,
Spake I softly, "God in heaven,
Keep my darling free from ill;
Worldly gear and worldly honours
Ask I not for her from Thee;
But from want and sin and sorrow
Keep her ever pure and free."

* * * * * *

Two little waxen hands,
Folded soft and silently;
Two little curtained eyes
Looking out no more for me;

Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple-dented never more;
Two little trodden shoes,
That will never touch the floor;
Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
Apron folded, clean and white,
These are left me—and these only,
Of the childish presence bright.

Thus He sent an angel to my earnest praying,
Thus He keeps my darling free from earthly stain,
Thus He folds the pet lamb safe from earthly straying,
But I miss her sadly by the window pane,
Till I look above it; then, with purer vision,
Sad, I weep no longer the lilac-bush to pass,
For I see her angel, pure and white, and sinless,
Walking with the harpers, by the sea of Glass.

Two little snowy wings
Softly fluttered to and fro,
Two tiny childish hands
Beckoned still to me below;
Two tender angel eyes
Watch me ever earnestly
Through the loop-holes of the stars;
Baby's looking out for me!

REVELATION.

"Revelation denotes *unveiling, uncovering.* It implies the previous existence of that which is uncovered or made known. It excludes the idea of newness, of invention, of recent creation. Watt *invented* the steam-engine, and Arkwright the spinning-jenny, which had no previous existence; Galileo *revealed* the satellites of Jupiter, which are as old as the planet in its present form, and, according to the nebular hypothesis, older; Harvey *revealed* the circulation of the blood, which had been an unrevealed fact through all the antecedent ages of human history. Jesus Christ *revealed* what is peculiar to Christianity, which is truth, because it was not the offspring of his own mind or age, but the disclosure of what was in the beginning in the mind of God, and in the nature, duty and destiny of man."

To the foregoing words of Dr. Peabody we can have no possible objection. We have learned to regard the words of Jesus Christ and the spirit of the Bible as a revelation from God. We do not think the Bible creates moral facts or institutes immortality, but only puts us in possession of the law of God, the mind of God, and the fact of immortal destiny. The gospel brings life and immortality to light. The truths of the gospel are the mind of God; and the authority of Jesus Christ stamps his words with all the evidence of divineness the human mind requires. God raises up men of power and skill who guide and bless millions of our race; and, in the truths of the Bible set before us, has revealed to us His will.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

CONVERSATION.—It is to the virtues and errors of our conversations and ordinary deportment that we owe both our enemies and our friends, our good or bad character abroad, our domestic peace and troubles, and in a high degree the improvement and depravation of our minds. Our conversation should be such that youth might therein find improvement, women modesty, the aged respect, and all men civility.

LORD PALMERSTON.—In his speech at Tiverton, Lord Palmerston mentioned incidentally an interesting fact concerning his Irish estate. He had, he said, 1000 acres of blowing sand there, "where no blade of grass grew, and now, in consequence of having assiduously planted that sand with bent, which dies away after it comes to a certain growth, and is followed by grass, I have succeeded in covering the whole of that barren spot with grass."

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.—At one time the rich merchants and professional men of Philadelphia proposed to form themselves into a social circle, from which all mechanics were to be excluded. The papers were drawn up for this purpose, and presented to Dr. Franklin for his signature. On examining its contents he remarked that he could not consent to write his name, inasmuch as, by excluding mechanics from their circle, they had excluded the Almighty, who was the greatest mechanic of the universe.

"WHAT COULD HE DO IN HEAVEN?"—It was about thirty years ago or more, when stage-coaches still ran, that an excellent old clergyman, who had a keen observation of the world, was travelling on the top of the coach. It was cold, wintry weather, and the coachman, as he drove his horses rapidly, poured forth such a volley of oaths and foul language as to shock all the passengers. The old clergyman, who was sitting close to him, said nothing, but fixed his piercing blue eyes upon him with a look of extreme wonder and astonishment. At last the coachman became uneasy, and turning round to him, said: "What makes you look at me, sir, in that way?" The clergyman said, with his eyes fixed upon him: "I cannot imagine what you will do in heaven! There are no horses, or coaches, or saddles, or bridles, or public houses in heaven. There will be no one to swear at or to whom you can use bad language. I cannot think what you will do when you get to heaven!"

A REFORMED DRUNKARD.—The directors of the "Washingtonian Home," in Boston, a few days ago received a check for five hundred dollars, from a gentleman residing in Pennsylvania, who was cured of drunkenness at that institution 6½ years ago. In his letter he uses the following language: "If I had the ability, I would freely give the institution the cost of a new building, and consider it a cheap investment, after what the Home has done for me."

BACKSLIDING.—A gentleman lately was surprised to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday-school library a grave treatise on "Backsliding." "My child," said he, "this is too old for you; you can't make anything of it." "I know it, papa," was the artless reply, "but I thought I could when I took it. I thought it would teach me how to slide backwards."

GIVING A HINT.—A distinguished Baptist clergyman made an admirable speech to a great audience in Exeter Hall, London, and then, instead of leaving off, went on and on, till his father, a quaint old preacher who was sitting just behind him on the platform, pulled his coat-tail and said in an undertone, "Why don't you say a good thing, and sit down?" "That's just what I'm trying to do, father," was the reply.

YIELD A LITTLE.—It is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their (little) rights, is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickering which attends such a disposition; and, unless a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, we question if it is not wiser, happier and more prudent, to yield somewhat of our precious rights than squabble to maintain them. True wisdom is first pure, then peaceable, then gentle.

VULGAR PEOPLE.—"Those are not vulgar people," says Dante, "merely because they live in small cottages, lowly places; but those are vulgar who, by their thoughts and deeds, strive to shut out any view of beauty." There are vulgar rich men as well as vulgar poor men. Being poor is not of itself a disqualification for being a gentleman. To be a gentleman is to be elevated above others in sentiment rather than situation; and the poor man with an enlarged and pure mind may be happier, too, than his rich neighbour without this elevation. Let the former only look at nature with an enlightened mind, "a mind that can see and adore the Creator in His works, can consider them as demonstrations of His power, His wisdom, His goodness, and His truth: this man is greater as well as happier in his poverty than the other in his riches. The one is but little higher than the beast, the other but little lower than the angels."

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